



Travellers and Tourists

Travelling from place to place are subject to all kinds of Bowel Complaint on account of change of water, diet and temperature.

Dr. Fowler's

Ext. of

Wild Strawberry

is a sure cure for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Pains in the Stomach, Seasickness, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels in Children and Adults.

Its effects are marvellous.

It acts like a charm.

Relief is almost instantaneous.

Does not leave the Bowels in a constipated condition.

Husbands Who Make Love to Their Wives.

Few great men have paid more enthusiastic tributes to their wives than Tom Hood, and probably few wives have better deserved such homage. "You will think," he wrote to her in one of his letters, "that I am more foolish than any boy-lover; and I plead guilty. For never was a wooer so young of heart and so steeped in love as I; but it is a love sanctified and strengthened by long years of experience. May God ever bless my darling—the sweetest, most helpful angel who ever stooped to bless a man." Has there ever, we wonder, lived a wife to whom a more delicate and beautiful tribute was paid than those verses, of which the burden is, "I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say."

"I want thee much," Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote to his wife, many years after his long patience had won for him the flower "that was lent from Heaven to show the possibilities of the human soul." "Thou art the only person in the world that ever was necessary to me. And now I am only myself when thou art within my reach. Thou art an unspeakably beloved woman."

Sophia Hawthorne was little better than a chronic invalid; and it may be that this physical weakness woke all the deep chivalry and tenderness of the man. And he reaped a rich reward for an almost unrivalled devotion in the "atmosphere of love and happiness and inspiration" with which his delicate wife always surrounded him.

The wedded life of Wordsworth with his cousin "the phantom of delight," was a poem more exquisitely beautiful than any his pen ever wrote. Mrs. Wordsworth was never fair to look upon, but she had that priceless and rarer beauty of soul which made her life "a centre of sweetness" to all around her. "All that she has been to me," the poet once said in his latter days, "none but God and myself can ever know"; and it would be difficult to find a more touching and beautiful picture in the gallery of great men's lives than that of Wordsworth and his wife, both bowed under the burden of many years and almost blind, "walking hand in hand together in the garden with all the blissful absorption and tender confidence of youthful lovers."

It never needed "the welding touch of a great sorrow" to make the lives of Archbishop Tait and his devoted wife "a perfect whole." Speaking of her many years after she had been taken from him, he said: "To part from her, if only for a day, was a pain only less intense than the pleasure with which I returned to her; and when I took her with me it was one of the purest joys given to a man to watch the meeting between her and our children."

When David Livingstone had passed his thirtieth birthday with barely a thought for such "an indulgence as wooing and wedding,"

he declared humorously that when he was a little less busy he would send home an advertisement for a wife, "preferably a decent sort of widow"; and yet so unconsciously near was his fate that only a year later he was introducing his bride, Mary Moffat, to the home he had built, largely with his own hands, at Mabotsa. From that "supremely happy hour" to that day when, eighteen years later, he received her "last faint whisperings" at Shupanga no man ever had a more self-sacrificing, brave, devoted wife than the missionary's daughter.

In fact, they were more like two happy, light-hearted children than sedate married folk, and under the magic of their merriment the hardships and dangers of life in the heart of the Dark Continent were stripped of all their terrors.

Jean Paul Richter said that he never even suspected the potentialities of human happiness until he met Caroline Mayer, "that sweetest and most gifted of women," when he was fast approaching his fortieth year; and that he had no monopoly of the resultant happiness is proved by his wife's declaration that "Richter is the purest, the holiest, the most godlike man that lives. . . . To be the wife of such a man is the greatest glory that can fall to a woman"; while of his wife Richter once wrote, "I thought when I married her that I had sounded the depths of human love; but I have since realized how unfathomable is the heart in which a noble woman has her shrine."

That Bad Boy.

"It was awful, awful, awful!" exclaimed the newsboy, just as a group of ladies were passing down the platform.

"What was that which was so awful? Has anybody been killed? Has there been a terrible catastrophe? When did the collision take place?"

Such were a few questions which assailed the youth.

"Twa'n't no collision, ladies; but it was awful all the same."

"What was it? Don't keep us in suspense."

"Well, you see, ladies, a gentleman was standing right here on the platform, and just as the train started he gave a jump—"

"And was crushed between the wheels, and his mangled corpse was strewn for miles along the track?"

Not exactly, marm; but the train took his head right off."

Instantly the air resounded with cries of horror from the feminine group. When the boy could make himself heard he remarked:—

"I don't see anything horrible about it, ladies. The train took the man's body off, too. But he came awfully near being left."

As the ladies turned to move on, the words "disgusting little creature" were borne upon the air, mingled with a low chuckle from the newsboy's vicinity.

WHERE JET COMES FROM.

How the Stone is Mined and Polished in Whitby, England.

Our great-great grandfathers were as proud of their Whitby jet jewelry as the American duchesses are today of their husbands' family diamonds. Fifteen hundred years ago Whitby jet was fashioned into crucifixes, rosaries, crosses, and other ecclesiastical devices for the monks and nuns under the charge of the Abbess Hilda at the Monastery of Streonshalh, now known as the ruins of Whitby Abbey. The Lady Hilda was the eldest daughter of Oswy, King of Northumbria, as the northern part of the middle counties of England was then called. Her father, in gratitude for having beaten the pagan King Penda, on the battlefield of Winwidfield, founded the monastery in A. D. 658, and placed Hilda, then forty-five years of age, in charge. She was a very devout woman, and the monks and nuns under her were supplied with beads and crosses made from a local substance known as jet. As the years rolled by, jet became popular on account of its beauty, rarity, and susceptibility to a very high polish. It was worked by clever artisans over a grindstone and lathe, and then turned over to expert carvers, who fashioned it into the most elaborate brooches, necklaces, earrings, pendants, bracelets, pins, etc. Sometimes it was set in gold and sometimes surrounded by diamonds and other precious stones, so that a brooch would retail for hundreds of pounds sterling. Paper knives, watch charms, and an infinite variety of articles followed, and at length it became popular to wear jet for mourning. At the first glance, jet looks like polished black glass, but the merest novice can detect its peculiar beauties upon a closer examination. It so happens that jet has never been found anywhere in England except in the precipitous cliffs overlooking the sea, on which the quaint old seaport of Whitby stands. The chief industry of Whitby for hundreds of years was the manufacture of jet, and then some seven hundred years ago part of the inhabitants took to fishing and whaling, and the picturesque old seaport has ever been the home of a prosperous community.

The late Queen Victoria was a great admirer of jet, and during her reign Whitby flourished from the industry as never before. Muff chains, lockets, penholders, cigarette holders, bookmarks, shirtstuds, cuff links, hatpins, spangles and bangles, flowers, and medallions, were produced in great quantities and were shipped all over Europe and especially over the British empire. When any person of importance died in any part of Europe the Whitby merchants would immediately send a box of jet mourning by express to the bereaved family. Such jewelry as was kept was paid for by check, and the rest of the stock returned.

Of late years a cheap substitute has been discovered in Spain and much of this is now used by the Whitby manufacturers, who find the real article scarce and very dear. From skeletons found in the tumuli of the district it is known that hundreds of years ago it was customary to bury the dead with jet ornaments.

Mothers Who Scold.

The mother who has acquired the habit of scolding her children thereby shows that she is not competent to train them to obedience. For scolding is a sign of weakness. It indicates that the person who has it has not mastered herself and that she knows not how to rule others.

The scolding parent is usually an unreasonable being, irritable, impulsive, quick tempered, hot headed. She judges first and calls for the evidence afterward. She acts as if her little sons and daughters should, even before she instructs them, distinguish right from wrong and should, before they have seen anything of life, have the knowledge that can come only from experience.

When the mother has become a chronic scold the children pay little attention to her outbreaks of vituperation. Guilty or not guilty, they expect it. They let in one ear and out the other. They acquire the corresponding habit of not minding it. Let their father speak once and they jump to obey him. Their mother may order them a dozen times, but they get into the way of thinking that she is not in earnest until she begins to upbraid them, and they wait for this signal before they move at her command.

Her first care in the correction of this habit is to control herself. Let her give no order that she does not intend to enforce, let her tell her children to do a thing only once, and let her resolve not to scold them, whether they be good or bad, docile or disobedient. When she has conquered herself she will find, to her surprise that she will have little difficulty in conquering her children.

Salisbury's Fine Contempt.

The note in Lord Salisbury's character which appeals most to us, the quality the country will miss, though it may not regret the most, is his fine contempt for popularity. Lord Salisbury troubled himself little with what people thought of him. What he was, was much to him; what he was thought to be, nothing. This may have been a fault in the politician, but it was a splendid, and extremely rare, virtue in the man. It was the key to his finely tempered irony. It distinguished it wholly from cynicism. There was no contempt for man, no indifference to things. This great man was not afraid to neglect the art of success, while lesser men neglected every other art. Maybe not every man can afford to take Lord Salisbury's view of life; but it is a great thing that one who has been on all men's lips should leave this salutary lesson of care for truth rather than for show. After all, it was what we ought to expect from so deeply religious a man as Lord Salisbury.—Saturday Review.

A Born Editor.

A certain editor had cause to admonish his son on account of his disinclination to attend school. "You must go to school regularly, my boy," said the fond parent, "or you can never be a great man, you know."

"Like you, father?" asked the child, simply.

"Er—yes, my boy. If you don't learn to read and write and so on you can never—er—wield the pen that is mightier than the sword. You can never be an editor. What would you do, for instance, if your paper came out full of mistakes?"

The boy looked up into his parent's face with childlike innocence. "Father," he said, solemnly, "I'd blame 'em on the printer!"

And then the editor fell upon his son's neck and wept tears of joy—for he knew he had a successor for the editorial chair!

Too Willing.

It was just after dusk, and a man was busily engaged digging up celery in a suburban garden. To him came a policeman, who was making the rounds of his beat in a leisurely fashion.

"Come and hold me a light, will you constable?" said the man who was digging. The policeman obligingly complied, and threw the light of his bull's-eye on the scene.

The work progressed, and in a short time forty or fifty heads of celery were obtained.

"There, that will do now," said the digger, and he gave the man in blue half-a-dozen heads for his courtesy.

The next night another man stopped the policeman at the same place and asked him if he had seen anyone in his garden the night before, as he had had the greater part of his celery stolen.

It is said that Robert was not inclined on this occasion to throw as much light on the scene as he had done the night previously.

Passerby: "Here, boy, your dog has bitten me on the ankle."

Dog owner: "Well, that's as high as he could reach. You wouldn't expect a little pup like him to bite yer neck, would yer?"

VOICE AND PIANO INSTRUCTION.

PIANOFORTE—Dr. William Mason's celebrated Touch and Technic ("The best, if not the only, School of Technic known to pianoforte pedagogues.")

VOICE—True and natural method, that of William Shakespeare, Manuel Garcia, Charles Lunn, San Giovanni, A. A. Patton. Voices are built up and made smooth, soft, distinct and strong without being forced, strained or broken as by common but erroneous methods.

Limited number of Pupils. Course begins in at once.

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Pupil of Dr. William Mason, in Piano, and A. A. Patton, in Voice.

Patriotism

Begins at Home

Why buy American Paper, when you can get Home-Made Paper as good and cheap?

During the coming season I shall be pleased to supply Canadian Papers at reasonable price.

Call and see my samples and select your own paper.

All the latest styles of Picture Frames, Mouldings and Hangings kept in stock. Let me frame your pictures and repaint your furniture in any style you like.

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House Painter, Paper Hanger.

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Shop Next Wood-Working Factory,

BRISTOL.

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Butter Paper, printed and unprinted in one and two pound wrappers, at this office

THE HORSE MARKET

Demands Sound Horses Only.

Lane horses sell at less than half their actual value and are neither desirable for use or sale. The remedy is easy. A few bottles of



will work a permanent cure for Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, Curbs, etc., and all forms of Lameness. It cures thousands of cases annually. Such endorsements as the one following are a guarantee of merit.

Cured two Bone Spavins of Ten Years' Standing.

Enosburg Falls, N.Y., Mar. 11, 1901.
I used your Kendall's Spavin Cure on a horse that had two Bone Spavins, and it removed them entirely. These Spavins had been on him from birth, and were of ten years' standing. I now have a case of a mare that was injured by falling through a bridge, and am going to give her complete treatment with your Spavin Cure. Please send me a copy of your "Treatise on the Horse and its Diseases." Yours very truly,
CLARK G. PORT.

Price \$1.50 per bottle. As a treatment for family use it has no equal. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

To Kill the Bug and Feed the Potato

"No Bug"

Is what you need.

To Paint Your House, The "Elephant Brand" of Paint

Is what you need.

Also, STOVES and TINWARE, BICYCLE SUPPLIES

always on hand.

at **SEMPLER'S**

CASH HARDWARE,

East Florenceville.

NOTICE.

I would respectfully inform the citizens of Bridgewater and vicinity that I have purchased the mill formerly occupied by McGill Bros., Baird's mill so called, at the Boundary Line, have thoroughly repaired the roll cards and grind mill, am prepared to card your wool and grind your grain. All orders entrusted to my care will receive my prompt attention. All work warranted to be done in a workman like manner. By paying strict attention to business I am in hopes to merit and receive your patronage.

Your obedient servant,
ISAAC BAGNALL,
Bridgewater, Boundary Line, Maine.

Help Wanted

If you are open to invest your time in return for good pay, write us—

We are in need of more reliable salesmen. Perhaps you have tried selling goods and failed because you had not the proper backing. We know how to meet the demand of both customer and agent. Write us. It will be to our mutual interest.

STONE & WELLINGTON

"Canada's Greatest Nurseries," Toronto.

Canadian Pacific Railway

In effect June 7th, 1903.

DEPARTURES—Atlantic Standard Time.

(QUEEN STREET STATION)

6.20 A MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jet
M St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton,
Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pull-
man Parlor car McAdam Jet to Boston. Palace
Sleeper McAdam Jet to Halifax.
8.25 A MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook
M Jet, and intermediate points.
11.28 A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque
M Isle, Edmundston, and all points
North.
1.50 P MIXED—Week days—for Perth Jet.
M and intermediate points.
5.00 P MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton.
M etc., via Gibson Branch.
5.54 P EXPRESS—Week days—for Houlton,
M Saint Stephen, Saint Andrews, Fred-
ericton, Saint John and East Vancober, Sher-
brooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest
and on Pacific Coast: Bangor, Portland, Boston,
etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jet to Montreal.
Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jet to Boston.

ARRIVALS.

11.28 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint
John and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton
Boston, Montreal, etc.
12.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Perth
Jet.
12.25 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, Fredericton,
etc., via Gibson Branch.
5.45 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque
Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.
8.27 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Aroos-
took Jet.
11.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton,
Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St.
Andrews, Bangor Portland, Boston, etc.
C. B. FOSTER, D. P. A., St. John.

HOTELS

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